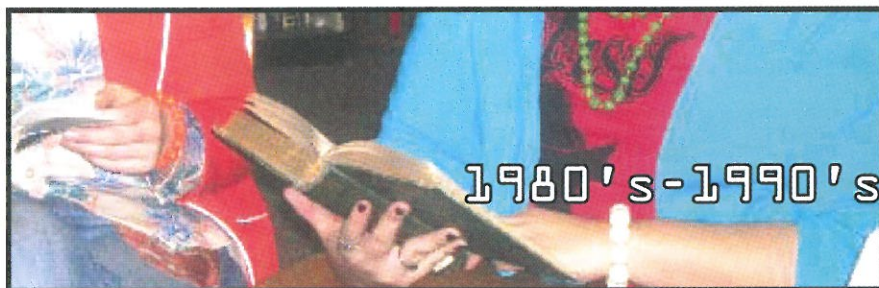




1940's & 1950's



1960'S - 1970'S



1980's-1990's

poetry - artwork -
prose -

MEASURE

THE CREATIVE ARTS PUBLICATION OF SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE



2005
2006

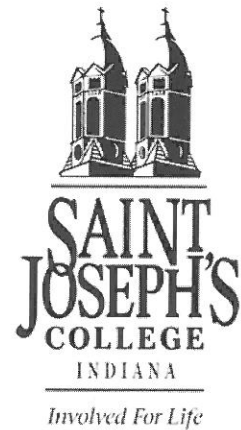
PREFACE TO THE 2005-2006 EDITION

THE FIRST MEASURE

MAGAZINE WAS PUBLISHED IN THE LATE
1930'S AS A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS,
REVIEWS, AND SCHOLARLY WORKS BY
MEMBERS OF THE
SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
COMMUNITY.

OVER TIME, THE FUNCTION OF THE MAGA-
ZINE HAS EVOLVED TO INCLUDE POETRY,
FEATURE ARTICLES, PROSE, AND ARTWORK.
TODAY, IT SERVES AS A TRULY UNIQUE
EXPRESSION OF THE SPIRIT OF
SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

MEASURE 2005-2006 EDITION



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Katie Grgic

SUBMISSIONS EDITOR

Amber Slagal

ART EDITOR

Lauren Moretti

DISTRIBUTION

Jean Monfort

READING COORDINATORS

Teresa Moreno

Danny Waclaw

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LAYOUT AND DESIGN

E. Henning

FACULTY ADVISOR

Maia Kingman

PUBLISHER

Dr. Ernest R. Mills, III

SPECIAL THANKS TO

Bonnie Zimmer
Student Association

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STATIC MUSINGS OF MINE

Melissa Alba

poetry - artwork - prose
7

shellshock, but we were quick to recover.
nuclear summers,
cold as dust.
crystal ashes gathered in a pile
pencil stubs snapped at the seams.
two-times recycled paper
ripping each time we tried to write

stacked down

seventeen

flights

of stairs.

cylindrical cobalt gemstones shimmer by gray desk lamps.
melted candlestick dreams, to lift you
to the great dark
of no stars outside your window.
black as static.

we, broken bystanders
pay with shattered hearts for our loyalty.
aqueous dandelions fracture forth like bullet holes,
so we smile sadly.

GOD MIGHT STRIKE YOU DEAD

Amber Mathia

At 7 o'clock the alarm went off in the large bedroom Layne shared with her sister, Ashley. Church started at 8. Her parents' "Sunday voices" were floating up the stairs from their bedroom.

"Honey, are you almost done in the bathroom? We should wake the kids up." That was her Dad. His voice was gentle and calm, unlike when he was yelling at them to clean up their shit and leave their mother alone.

"I'm putting on my make-up, could you get them up?" she asked politely. Layne always heard them having sex on Saturday nights when she couldn't sleep. No wonder they were so nice to each other on Sunday mornings. Dad crept up the stairs and walked into his daughters' room.

Tugging on Layne's toes he whispered, "Time to get up for church..."

He repeated this action three or four times. Layne yanked her foot away and tossed her head so her hair was covering her face. Her blanket was wrapped around her body so that only half of it was covered. She wanted to cocoon herself in her bed and skip church. Mom always said God won't strike you dead if you miss one week of church. Apparently Dad disagreed.

"Okay, Dad, I'm up."

Layne rolled over with her eyes open to prove it to him.

"Good, now wake your sister up – we have to leave in twenty minutes."

With that, he left the room and Ashley rolled over.

"I think I'm gonna fake sick."

Layne shook her head, wishing they both could, and began to put on her khakis and collared tee shirt. She had to look the role of the good studious daughter.

Layne trudged downstairs.

"Where's your sister?" her dad asked immediately, his eyes set in a determined stare.

"Um, she's not feeling well. Mom, why don't you go check on her?" Layne said as soon as her mom walked out of her room.

Layne's mom and dad exchanged a look. Her mother kicked off her heeled pumps before walking up the stairs.

GOD MIGHT STRIKE YOU DEAD (CONTINUED)

Layne perched on the couch with her legs crossed and watched the news. She never watched the news except on Sunday mornings when her dad felt like being informed about world issues for twenty minutes or so.

“She feels like she is going to throw up,” Layne’s mom announced.

“Let’s go then,” her dad scowled and walked out the back door.

The drive to their small country church only took five minutes, but her dad insisted on leaving twenty-five minutes early so they could be there in time for the rosary. Layne tuned out her parents’ voices and looked at her watch. It read seven-forty. One hour and twenty minutes to go. She mechanically got out of the car, walked through the oak doors, climbed the stairs, dipped her hand in the holy water font, and made the Sign of the Cross. She genuflected before entering the pew, her parents following behind her. Her dad pulled down the kneeler and they all repeated the rosary with the rest of the crusty old church ladies. Layne stopped moving her mouth and began to stare at the head of the old lady in front of her. This old lady was kind of original at least; she held her thin white hair up in a bouffant style with paper clips. Layne should have said she was the one who felt like she was going to puke. The color of puke was somewhat the same as the color of the dresses and suits on the mural in the front of the church. Men, women, and children of varying heights stood in lines on either side of Jesus as he held his arms out in a welcoming gesture. Every week Layne stared at that ugly painting all through mass. She tried to make up stories about the people, but their outfits were so drab that she couldn’t imagine them having anything interesting occur in their lives. The entire church was really outdated. Her dad’s shoes were kind of outdated too. He fit right in. Layne began braiding a small strand of hair and thinking about her boyfriend. At home Ashley was sleeping soundly. Her father nodded off halfway through mass and her mother nudged him. She wasn’t even Catholic, and she wasn’t going to suffer through this long homily alone. Layne wondered if her dad believed that God would strike him dead for sleeping during mass. She suspected that it didn’t matter to him, as long as people saw him. As for God, Dad wasn’t trying to impress him too much.



Duck, Duck, GOOSE

silver gelatin print

Sarah E. Yurechko

PYROMANIAC

Jenna Mullins

When I was around eleven years old, I had this weird fascination with fire. Borderline pyromania if you will. One day while I was spending the afternoon with my sweet, sweet grandmother, I decided to go about my fire-filled adventures in her bathroom. It started out harmless. I was lighting Q-Tips, toilet paper, and pieces of cotton balls. They would burn up fast and I would laugh with glee. The flames never got out of control. That is, until my glance fell upon grandma's fancy guest towels.

These towels had frilly strings hanging off the bottom. They were hanging very gracefully over the towel bar. They beckoned me. I stopped to think about what would happen if one of my harmless fires went out of control. Well, I had a sink, a toilet, and a bathtub to extinguish it. I thought that I was safe. I put the long red lighter to the end of the towels and watched as they slowly caught fire. I laughed and quickly blew out the flames before they got big. I turned toward the sink to wash my hands. When I turned back around, however, the towels were completely ablaze!

I panicked and started running around in the very small bathroom trying to figure out what to do. I needed liquid, anything to put out the flames. I opened up the closet and my eyes searched hurriedly for something. I spotted the air freshener on the top shelf. Mountain breeze, I remember. I took the cap off, shook it for some odd reason, and fired it at the flames. My little mind didn't comprehend that it was air freshener and completely flammable. The fire reacted to the spray and grew bigger and more out of control. The bathroom was filling with smoke, my shoelace was on fire, and the air stunk of mountain breeze. I ran out the door and yelled for grandma.

I've never seen an old lady move so fast. After throwing a string of curse words my way, she ordered me to call 911. After we got off the phone, we decided to try and control the fire. We kept lugging big bins of water from the kitchen to the bathroom. Grandma stuck the towels

PYROMANIAC (CONTINUED)

in the toilet while I threw water at the wall that was completely engulfed in flames. We heard the sirens long before we saw the fire trucks. When I ran outside, neighbors were lined up on both sides of the streets with video cameras. They thought a parade was coming down the street and instead got my humiliating ordeal on film. The worse part was at the end when the chief fireman sat me down to get my information. Not only did I lie and say that when I lit a candle my hand bumped, but I then realized that he was my old soccer coach. I'm sure that he, and not only my family members, are still talking about this story.

UNTITLED

Stacy Baker

Who are you
little quiet one.
Speak up,
make yourself be heard.
Take a stand,
and speak your mind.
You're too shy,
too timid.
Don't follow others,
follow your heart.
Don't be afraid,
to take life by the reins.
Tell them
how you really feel.
Do this,
and set your mind free.
Don't worry about what they say or think,
just know you finally let it out.
You can tell them how you feel,
don't let them hold you back.
Get the guts,
and take a stand.

HOT DOGS

Katherine Stembel

Patty tossed the frozen hot dogs onto the heated conveyor belt of meat, wiped her greasy hands on her blue smock and adjusted her pin that read, "Hi! I'm Patty. How may I be of service?" She grimaced as her sleazy manager, Randolph, slid by her in the aisle, closer than necessary. She felt his hand graze her backside and shuddered as he swaggered into the stockroom.

He never gave her forty hours of work per week. Forty hours would mean benefits. Health insurance. Security. She didn't want to be a convenience store clerk. It was dangerous, boring and she had to touch hot dogs. But without a high school diploma and with a bum of a boyfriend who had moved in four years ago when his apartment was being sprayed for cockroaches and had never moved back out, Patty didn't have a lot of choice in the matter. She didn't have a lot of choice when it came to her work hours either. Until now. Now Randolph had given her a choice. Sort of.

She gazed down at the pink tubes of meat and made a face. They reminded her of the bologna sandwiches Patty's mother had made for her and her three younger sisters when they were little. "Well, they weren't really sandwiches," Patty thought to herself. The kids in Patty's class had always made fun of her because all she brought with her for lunch in a grease-stained paper sack was the bologna, rolled up with a toothpick stuck through the middle. Her mother had told her that that was how the kings and queens ate their sandwiches and wasn't she a lucky little girl to eat like kings and queens. Patty had almost believed her.

Later, after her mother died and Patty had to drop out of high school to support her sisters, they couldn't even afford bologna and toothpicks. She had once dreamed of becoming a famous singer or rich actress, but suddenly she had to snatch half-eaten burgers and cold fries off plates and stuff them into her huge purse at work before she washed the dishes.

Maybe if her father, her real father, had been around he would have taken care of them, but he had run off to Canada right after her youngest sister, Cindy, was born. Patty's mother had had a string of "fathers" for her daughters, but none of them stuck around for long. Sal. Ron-

ald. Chuck. Patty knew her mother needed the men. Whenever the refrigerator was empty her mother would mumble to Patty as she ran out the door, "I'm going out for some bologna." She usually came back with a bruised face and a fistful of ones and fives. But sometimes she came back with a father.

Patty's boyfriend and the father of her own son, Henry, had convinced her that if she just took the job at the convenience store, they could save up money and rent an apartment with hot water and locks on the doors.

"We'll get the kid back soon," he repeated to her each night before he slouched off to the local bar for a nightcap, clutching a crumpled ten-dollar bill he begged from Patty. "We'll show those snobby welfare women what good parents look like."

"You promise?" Patty asked in a quavering voice.

"Promise," he yelled over his shoulder.

He was supposed to get a job too, but instead he just lay on the couch in front of the tiny, ancient black and white television watching fuzzy sports. Some body part was always aching and keeping him from looking for work. One week his old knee injury was acting up and the next he had a sore back. Month after month after he had moved in and Patty had started working at the convenience mart, she asked if they could go see the foster care women and talk to them about getting Henry back. Month after month he agreed and told her that they just needed a little more time and would talk to the women next week. One day after a long ten-hour shift, Patty had come home to discover that the cardboard cereal box she kept her savings in was completely empty. She found her boyfriend sitting in front of a brand new thirty-eight inch color television.

Finally, Patty stopped asking.

Shaking her head as she watched the browning hot dogs roll over and over on the metal conveyor belt and she sighed, "I've never had a choice in my whole entire life."

Until now, she reminded herself.

HOT DOGS (CONTINUED)

She squeezed her eyes shut and slammed her fist on the counter, sending the half-opened frozen package of hot dogs flying onto the dusty tile floor. She bent over and picked up the package, stalked over to the industrial sized garbage can. Throwing the meat in, she strode into the stock-room after Randolph.

PUPILS

David Spencer

Colorless

Basketballs and mini-malls

The border around a pastel life

A portrait of happiness hangs in all the living rooms

For the dead rooms are much too depressing

The milieu around me is not reflected in the date

And the twenty-first century still seems like a faraway place

Cigarettes

Boring faces and lives

This is the alternative to culture

This is the land where I grew up

Indiana, the Hoosier state

A state of numbness and nausea

“Why are there so many car dealerships?” I plead!

And where is the beauty in the world?

Is it in the stars or the sunsets?

Is it in pages of literature or in miles of open road

Maybe it's in imagination, secured by many layers of cerebral tissue

Or maybe it's found in a girl singing a Christina Aguilera song in a coffee shop open-mic night,

a cappella, with her young but fearless voice cutting through all the drama in the lives of the

people surrounding her

Beautiful!

Like bowling lanes and Friday night football games

Exciting!

Like Steak n' Shake's and birthday cakes

This is the land where I grew up

And pressed my perception to see only beauty



New York, NY

pencil

Lauren Moretti

GOOD SAMARITAN

Gabriele W. Nichols

poetry - artwork - prose - 19

“This a r.r..robbery, d-don’t move!” Harold gently set down the revolver he was cleaning and readied himself for the sight of some large stranger ready to do anything for money. As Harold slowly raised his head, a pathetic sight gradually filled his vision. Standing before him was the most pathetic man he had ever seen within his gun store. Matted hair, long hair that covered half the face, two layers of shirts and jeans that still did not manage to cover everything due to all the holes, a smell that told of weeks without a shower, these all created some feeling of pity in Harold.

What Harold found the most pitiful, however, was the poor soul’s weapon. It was a knife, an extremely large knife, like something from a thick jungle. Still, this man was trying to rob a gun store with a knife.

“Did you even notice what kind of store this is before you entered?”

Harold did not need a response, as the shocked and fearful look overwhelming the stranger was answer enough. Watching the attempted robber’s gaze as it covered the cases filled with firearms, Harold was shocked the pathetic figure did not run away as fast as possible.

Harold knew he had many options for what to do next. He had dealt with many attempted robberies, and every time he somehow managed to avoid losing a single cent. This should have been no different. His common sense was even telling him to do something, bring out one of the loaded guns behind the counter, and scare this miscreant away. It was simple, normal business practice.

As he continued to examine the poor wretch, Harold felt something more than preservation of his money. He felt pity for someone as desperate as to be near insanity. For some reason, he had to help.

“If I was a worse person, I’d shoot you right now before even calling the cops.”

Harold noticed the effect of his words. The robber began to shake, barely keeping a quivering grip on the knife.

GOOD SAMARITAN (CONTINUED)

"However, I can't do that. I have spent too much time here not caring about what happens after the customers leave the store."

For once not wanting an assailant to flee, Harold placed the cleaned revolver under the counter and set his empty hands in clear view. He wanted the man as a witness, to hear the purging of Harold's mind.

"Let me tell you a little story, so you understand what I'm doing. Just yesterday, a customer entered that forced me to envision a report to the police before he had even left. About 2:35 in the afternoon, the suspect entered, dressed in a random selection of stained and torn clothes. He carried a smell that was near unbearable. The customer asked for the gun he had ordered three weeks ago, a unique model not usually carried by this particular store, a model possessing incredible destructive power. He seemed to have a lust for the weapon, and became increasingly irritated as I asked for ID. Finally, after several shrill, almost incomprehensible complaints, he produced the necessary information. I then requested payment for the gun, receiving only blank stares, as the customer did not seem to comprehend. Finally, I managed to communicate and received a large wad of random dollar amounts, which I separated into two piles, one of which I returned. Finally, I handed over the case containing the weapon and watched as the suspect lovingly stroked it, before silently leaving towards Fifth Street.

The moment he left, I knew that gun would come to no good use. Today, the paper has shooting in the headline, and I'm terrified to read on. Too many people have come away from this store with the tools to destroy their own lives and others' lives. Tools I have given away.

Slowly reaching for the cash register, Harold carefully extracted a large selection of bills. "I know you're desperate, but that is no excuse for this stupidity. I want you to take this and help yourself, turn your life around so someone doesn't end up having to shoot you. I want someone to leave this store with a chance to make things better, rather than the potential to destroy. I never want to see or hear of you trying something like this again."

Extending his arm across the counter, Harold opened his palm to reveal the wad of green.

GOOD SAMARITAN (CONTINUED)

The stranger froze for a moment, overwhelmed by the sight of more money than he had seen in months. He timidly inched forward, unbelieving that such a boon could occur. Harold extended his arm further. Finally, the stranger snatched the money. He froze for a moment, and then ran, dropping the knife on the ground behind him.

AND SHE LAUGHED

Katie Grgic

My husband turned into a woman last night. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not talking in the sense of what Roy calls "female hysterics": melodramatic emotional responses to everything, excessive weeping, temper tantrums, guilt trips, unstable hormones, etc. I'm talking I woke up in the beat-up, second-hand wooden bed we have shared for twenty years staring at a blonde, blue-eyed, six-foot-tall woman, boobs and all, where my blonde, blue-eyed husband had been the night before. I had dreamt Roy turned into a woman last night, and now here I was staring at the real thing. Talk about shock. I began to laugh, giant whooping laughs, which unfortunately woke the poor thing up. Roy stared at me like I was crazy; that is, until he noticed the hair spilling around his face on his pillow.

"SUMBITCH!" he yelled in his deep Kentucky drawl. "What in the HELL is goin' on here?" He began pulling at his long blonde locks, frantically untangling himself from our threadbare flannel sheets, rushing to find a pair of scissors. He rummaged through the drawers of the heavy wooden desk against the wall, but to no avail. He skidded into the bathroom a few feet away, upending the medicine cabinet and fighting with the vanity doors that stick from the old paint on the hinges, desperately trying to find something that would remove the excessive hair on his head.

I snorted mid-laugh, grabbing my sides. You would have nearly peed yourself too; nothing's funnier than a six-foot tall blonde with a man's voice, and in Kentucky no less. Roy's cussing only got worse as he realized how his anatomy had changed as well. A shout of rage barreled out of the closet-sized bathroom, and at this point I was weeping I was laughing so hard.

"You!" Roy shouted. "This is all your fault, you bitch!"

I could only laugh harder, tears rolling down my cheeks in waves.

"I don't know how you managed to do this, you stupid, stupid bitch, but I know you up and did somethin' to me last night! Change me back! Change me back, dammit, or I'll whoop

AND SHE LAUGHED (CONTINUED)

you like you ain't never been whooped before. I'll make you pay for this, Charlene. You'll pay for this!"

I have heard all this before. Time and time again Roy comes home, hammered shit, yelling and screaming about how I have been two-timing him, keeping money from him so he can't enjoy himself, trying to run off, trying to make too much of myself and acting higher than I ought – I could on forever. Normally, those words – “You'll pay for this!” – were enough to make me cower, give in, back off, fall into line. I knew how mean Roy was when he was drunk. Maybe it was the absurdity of the situation, maybe it wasn't; maybe it was the fact that he wasn't so intimidating anymore, maybe it wasn't; either way, I knew, I knew deep down that I had nothing to be afraid of anymore. Today could be different, today would be different. Instead of cowering like I normally would, all I could do was chuckle and chortle and giggle like I hadn't in years.

Furious at my insolence, Roy took a swing at me before realizing how his new appendages impeded the power of the formerly nasty right hook I knew so well. I kept laughing at the hilarity of it all. Roy, who had been a card-carrying member of the Good Old Boys club his entire life, turned into one of the helpless females he had bullied for just as long. Roy, with tousled blond hair, boobs straining his wife beater, and his boxer shorts turned into short shorts, wasn't scary anymore. I walked over to Roy, confident now, and shoved him easily into the corner between the bed and the wall. I began chuckling again. I grabbed my worn fleece jacket off the peg next to the closet and walked out the door, laughing the whole way and never looking back.

DESPERATION

Amber Slagal

She sold her soul when he lay in her arms,
Lifeless and destitute.
Stench of death enveloped them completely,
The animals attracted.
The pact had been drawn
And as final as it was,
She felt accomplished.
His eyes stared,
glazed over with the sheen of misunderstanding.
Her legs straightened and he fell.
His body lay quiet under the willow's curled branches.
She was sure he would die this time.

THE UNFORGIVING: HATHOR'S TOAST

Danielle Marshall

Raise your glasses high.
Let's make a toast,
To nature's gifts
And Time's unending torment.
Unforgotten memories.
Unforgiven deeds.
I do not wish for day's end,
Only for night's beginning.
Lost in Revenge's sweet nectar,
You lose Immortality's precious offerings.
The Unforgiving do not dream.
The Unforgiving only mourn.

I WISH I HAD AN ELEPHANT

Dani Klosowski

I wish I had an elephant.
He'd be big and tall.
He'd bring me to school each day
And all I'd have to do is call.

I wish I had a chipmunk
To dig beneath the ground.
We'd dig a hole to China
To see what could be found.

I wish I had a zebra
To frolic in the street.
We'd play tricks on all the neighbors
And we'd enjoy hide and seek.

I wish I had these animals
But, alas, I can have none.
My dad is terribly allergic
Which takes away all my fun.

SONNET OF THE WILLINGLY BLIND AND THE BLINDLY WILLING

Andrew Earnest

The band has stopped, its melodies waning
While wilted peasants walk beneath gray sky
The once-golden fanfares sustaining
Are lying shattered in the dead ends nearby
Once there was hope; ambition filled the air
As every breathing soul upon him turned –
The errant heir apparent unaware
Forces his way through thick masses, unearned
But with his zeal, the multitude held fast
Blindly being bled dry by pride disguised
The self-sufficient one exploiting caste
Mistaken, his campaign merely self-compromise
A rise and fall brighter than Apollo
All because a leader failed to follow

DWENGER: MYSTERIOUS PAST, UNCERTAIN FUTURE

Katherine Stembel

White paint peels, revealing dry, wooden trimmings. Cracked stone walls sag into a tired, fractured foundation. Weather – worn carvings of bunches of grapes fade beneath the cement porch. Long, fading white curtains are parted, and the viewer can almost imagine a feverish seminary student with bright eyes peering enviously outside into the brilliant, summer sunlight, trapped behind the quarantined walls of the longtime infirmary.

However, today no students regain their strength inside the shadowy rooms of Dwenger. No Saint Joseph's College guests rest inside the building's three-story walls. No professors employ the space for offices to welcome their young scholars. Only birds make their drooping twig and straw nests under the crumbling eaves of the porch. Nevertheless, the ninety-eight year old building still stands proudly and regally, welcoming prospective SJC students with its mysterious spirit, despite abandonment and an undecided future.

Father Augustine Seifert, Saint Joseph's College's first president, designed Dwenger and oversaw the construction. It was intended to be a multi-purpose residence building, and the majority of the assembly work was done by male seminarians who installed the bulky, cement blocks as protection from intense, summer heat and chilling, winter damp.

Dwenger, erected because of a need for more residential space, has been called an "infirmary" since its completion in 1907, but has been used for numerous purposes over the past century. Father Dominic Gerlach, a former SJC student and now member of the order of the Precious Blood (C.P.P.S.) and professor of German states, "The College was like one big family and took care of all student needs." Everything a student could need, such as food and shelter, was housed on the campus. Even healthcare was constantly available. Not only did Dwenger house an ever-present residential nurse and, during times of illness, ten to fifteen quarantined students recuperating from contagious diseases which spread like wildfire, such as the measles and scarlet fever, the building also held guest rooms for SJC visitors, a chapel, kitchen, and dumbwaiter on

DWENGER: MYSTERIOUS PAST, UNCERTAIN FUTURE (CONTINUED)

the first floor, and offices for Saint Joseph's College faculty. Also, The Observer newspaper, then called "Stuff," had offices in Dwenger.

The building has even become a kind of makeshift classroom for forensic purposes. Kristi Zurawski, a Biology-Chemistry major, explains: "We used the building in a Crime Solvers Camp with Dr. Haskell in the summer of 2003 for high school kids to demonstrate the effects of blood splatter. We used pigs' blood and soaked different weapons to demonstrate this. We also used the building in my entomology class in the fall of 2002 to collect book lice from the old books in the building."

Because of its abandoned state, Dwenger became the perfect research area for scientific study, but before being deserted, "Dwenger was stable [as an infirmary space] until 1938, when Saint Joseph's College experienced a rapid growth in the student population," said Father Dominic Gerlach. Dwenger underwent this momentary change that forced the building to be used for residential purposes until the Seifert and Merlini Residence Halls were constructed. In 1939 Dwenger then returned to its original purpose as a health center until February 1973 when the Ad Building, which housed professors' offices and the business department, burned down. The professors and administration were forced to move from one building to the other, eventually finding a home for their offices and departments in Dwenger.

Professor Robert Garrity, professor of English, recalls, "When I came to Saint Joseph's College in 1972, Dwenger was being used as a health center. The three College nurses had their offices there. At that time, the faculty who had lost offices in the burnt building, there were 42 of us, were moved first to Gaspar, which was just to the east of Merlini, now torn down, and then to the first floor of Merlini. This did not work because there was too much conflict between the students on the second floor and the faculty on the first. And then the faculty moved into Dwenger. When I replaced the Vice President of Academic Affairs who succeeded me, my office was moved to the second floor of Dwenger. We stayed there until November 6 of 1996, when we moved into the new Core Building. Then Dwenger was abandoned because the size of the student body and that of the faculty had decreased. And with the advent of

DWENGER: MYSTERIOUS PAST, UNCERTAIN FUTURE (CONTINUED)

the Core Building, its space was no longer necessary.”

Professor Charles Kerlin had a large, corner office in Dwenger with four windows to open and allow in spring breezes, and a beautiful view of the chapel area. In Professor Kerlin’s words, “Dwenger is not an unattractive place.” When the building was used for faculty offices, a swing hung from the porch facing east and giving Dwenger what he describes as a “chummy atmosphere.” However, after being completely discarded and neglected, the building began to show age-induced wear and tear. Roughly four years ago, new windows and drapes were installed for the overall aesthetic effect, giving the appearance of occupation, although the interior remains dark and vacant. The future is uncertain for the building whose name honors Bishop Joseph Dwenger.

Although he fears Dwenger will soon be torn down, Father Dominic Gerlach hopes the building might be repaired and restored, like Drexel Hall. Drexel Hall is the oldest building of all on Saint Joseph’s College property, and a former Indian Normal School. Its extensive first floor was refurbished, and was prepared for office occupancy in June of 2005. Father Gerlach states, “It is costly to tear down buildings and they [the Saint Joseph’s College administration] have other priorities here, but Dwenger is a very solid building and was made much more honestly than buildings like Gallagher.” He believes Dwenger could stand solidly for many years to come.

Physical Plant Director Tony Baltes says, “The present administration is looking very hard to see the costs and needs of the college to make use of that square footage.” Decisions on how to utilize the space are necessary, as well as receiving quotes from contractors on the estimated price of renovations. Another question which refurbishment presents is if the high price is feasible for the college to absorb. Dwenger requires restoration work such as tuck-pointing, new windows and doors, and an entire interior gutting.

DWENGER: MYSTERIOUS PAST, UNCERTAIN FUTURE (CONTINUED)

Few faculty or students want to see Dwenger destroyed. Kristi Zurawski says, "I think that it is a beautiful building, and really adds to the character of the college. However, if it is dangerous to be in, then obviously something will have to be done in order to keep the students and faculty safe." Meanwhile, the building stands at attention, watching the comings and goings of students, and patiently waiting for its future.

What is Dwenger's fate? Will the majestic building be condemned to the wrecking ball's wrath? Or will money be pumped into renovations, returning the building to its former glory? Only time and careful decisions will decide Dwenger's destiny.

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Melissa Alba

spilled melon seeds, peach pits, apple cores –
such sour compost at the children's feet
snow, shadows in blue
waiting restless, they watch their breath.
they imagine spaceships
to take them away from this world
to new planets of emerald skylscapes,
jelly stars hung from barbed wire and string
sparkled temples that rise from gold-dust littered soil.

but makeshift recreation suited their skepticism more than make-believe
so instead they bobbed
for pennies in an ice-pocked puddle
– pennies for the bullies to steal,
pennies to be clutched by pudgy, craven fingers,
pennies to dishonor them when they amount to
five cents short of the price of peanut butter and jelly.
such a lonely microcosm of
who we are.

a rumble, groan of engines, oil and metal, smoke in the cold,
the school bus comes to a halt at their toes,
spatters slush onto their knees.
boom, boom
– industrial footsteps on the floor of dirty aluminum
bubbles of forced hot air like fire blast their faces, clot their lungs

RANDOM THOUGHTS (CONTINUED)

chaos in rows of two, or four
a mass of bodies, loud chatter, giggles
backpacks with key chains rattling.
the necessity of space to claim
on brown seats like wrinkled raisins, rotten.
bright motivational posters – promoting honesty, preaching truth – frame their indifferent faces
to the tune of gossip.

SUNDAY

Andrew Costello

I reached for a half-full Dannon water bottle as my alarm clock went off at 10 a.m. Why had I agreed to help Fr. Stevens at the 11 o'clock Mass? Sleep seemed more appealing than serving the Lord on a Sunday morning. Especially after the night I just had.

I rolled out of bed slowly, so as not to disturb Lisa's sleep. I just stared at her naked back and resisted the urge to caress it. My head was throbbing, and the room seemed a bit shaky. I opened up my fridge to grab another water bottle, but shut it when I saw the apple juice. Its dark brown tint made me scowl. I could still taste the Captain Morgan's rum in my mouth.

"Ughh," I said. "That stuff was nasty. I'm sticking to beer next time."

At least I hoped I would. Maybe a shower would bring me to my senses. The towel was still damp from the last time I had used it. I had no choice; the red and blue towels were stained from the Vodka mess Lisa made last night. I told her not to take a power-shot straight from the bottle because I knew she'd spit it out everywhere.

I turned the shower knob to cold. I stood, letting the cascade caress my face in hopes of keeping me awake. I sniffed my body wash so the "Pacific Surge" scent would bring me peace as well. I massaged my shaggy head for several minutes as I applied the shampoo.

There were no nice pants in my closet. I could not wear jeans to church; it just didn't feel right. Mother always said that being well-dressed meant nice Docker slacks. Unfortunately, my one pair was in the laundry hamper because I had worn them to a job interview. I grabbed some Febreze and lightly sprayed the pants. Even if they smelled a little like citrus, I would at least be presentable.

I walked through the hallway, my peripheral vision still unsettled. I hesitated to open the door, unsure of whether or not I would make it through the day.

The walk to the chapel was breezy outside, and I scowled for not grabbing my jacket. It was going to thunderstorm; I could tell from the rustling trees against the grey sky. God seemed to be punishing me for last night.

"Hello, Andrew," said Fr. Stevens as I walked up the aisle.

"Hey," I said faintly.

"You look wide awake today," he said, looking at my bloodshot eyes.

"Yah...I kinda got to bed late last night. It's been a stressful week. But I will survive."

"Just don't drop the crucifix on the way up," he said, hitting me on the shoulder with the misilette booklet.

I saw dots in front of my glasses as I prepared the gifts for the mass. They looked like ink splotches that moved back and forth every time I turned my head. I took another guzzle of water from the fountain, but I inevitably knew that I was going to get a headache. A migraine, like someone was screaming inside my head.

I caressed my forehead in every circular motion I knew. During mass I could not pay attention to the readings. My sign of peace was half-assed.

When I pushed open the wooden doors of the chapel, I almost fell down the steps. I needed some food in me.

At the cafeteria, I could not even finish my favorite breakfast of eggs, bacon, and biscuits. The pain would not subside.

I ran to my dorm as fast as I could from the cafeteria. I hopped into bed and turned my pillows over so I could smother my head in something cool. It was going to be a long day. No homework, Lions football, or Simpsons for me. I was recovering.

HUSH

Amber Mathia

Spoken words are always lost
Let your eyes follow the travels of my pen
Looping and swirling, curving and twisted...

I would write the only line that could make you cry
Poison tears leak from my eyes
When you pierce me with your starlit smile

I barely recognize that it's not lust in your eyes
Sapphire blue rivers
Your quick glance and all of me quivers

Still... our arms brush
Silence...
Love doesn't rush.

Spoken words are always lost
Let your eyes follow the travels of my pen
Looping and swirling, curving and twisted...



Stretch Your Dough

oil paint

Sarah Quartuccio

BROKEN WINGS

Danielle Marshall

Her wings are beautiful, aren't they,
white, magnificent, glorious and perfect.
How the wings of every innocent should be
so apparent and visible.
No one can deny her goodness.

But you can't see mine.
Hidden and invisible from those like you,
and those like her,
those I try to keep away.
If you could see my wings,
what would you think of me then?
Would you open up to my broken and cold world,
or would you run back to her?

My stone cold heart aches for you.
The dry tears of the broken are now falling.
You don't see them,
these invisible tears?
If only you knew that these tears are for you.

Can you replace this dead world of mine,
and this cold unfeeling pain?

Nothing brings me hope,
So let this masochism bring me some light.

If only you knew how much being with and near you
causes me greater pain than anything else,
for I know I can never have you,

BROKEN WINGS (CONTINUED)

and I can never touch you for all your closeness.
And I know I can never find a way to truly love you either,
because the broken can never love completely.

I'm showing you my wings for this brief moment.
These dark ebony wings,
seemingly coarse and harsh,
have a true gentleness and softness.
But you only see the blood,
dripping deep from my dying heart,
and flowing out through my broken wings.

If only you understood they bleed for you.



Imagine Journal

handmade journal

Lauren Moretti

WHAT WENT WRONG YESTERDAY

Becky Scherer

On the couch after you left,
legs folded under me on the center cushion –
I pull the collar of my sweater up to my nose
to breathe in the scent of you.

Your empty beer bottle on the coffee table,
a black thread left over where you sat –
my hand is still warm where you held it,
and the air is still thick how you left it.

Wash my face, brush my teeth, climb into bed –
it seems so mechanical tonight.
These motions that once were my own
are no longer enough to sustain me.

In the big chair behind the big desk the next day,
it's a struggle to keep the smile glued to my face.
It's my job to fix everyone's mistakes
and write everything but what's on my mind.

TWISTED LOVE

Tirza Van Horn

What am I avoiding? Nothing! The question is who am I avoiding? Marshall Williams is the foxiest fox to ever trot down the...no, trot is not the right word, to ever glide, no...float down the halls of Winchester High. Every female specimen over the age of twelve has the hots for him. My grandma even asked why I wasn't going out with "that handsome Williams boy." Even Marshall's cat Snowball is oddly protective of him. It seems like life revolves around Marshall Williams. His interests, family, friends, and dates are all public knowledge. Why then am I avoiding such a hunk? It's simple really...I killed him.

I didn't mean to kill him; it was an accident. Ok, ok, so when I say I'm avoiding him, I really mean that I'm not paying attention to the growing stench in my trunk. Diary, you have to believe me. I never meant to harm such a perfect, beautiful, tall, muscular, soft-lipped, broad-shouldered, creature of God's green earth. Alas, he must revisit the ground. He'll become part of nature and add to its beauty...underground.

Oh, damn me for staying out too late. I knew I'd be too tired to drive home if I stayed for the after-party. Did I listen to myself, Diary? Nooo, I didn't! Why? I don't know, maybe I have a complex or something. Anyways, I was driving home and the light turned yellow. Of course I couldn't let the light beat me, so I stupidly slammed on the gas and attempted to beat the light. BAM, BOOM, BAM, BOOM, CRASH, SCREECH!!! I hit, ran over, and then slammed my brakes on top of Marshall Williams. Terrified, I got out of the car. I didn't know what to do. I had just hit Marshall Williams. Star of the football team, valedictorian, the wrestling champ, the heart-throb of every girl in town! I killed Marshall Williams! They would lock me up for sure, and "accidentally" lose the key. No, worse, the death penalty is what they'd give me.

My heart couldn't stop pounding in my chest. I started to cry; I knew my life was over. Suddenly, it hit me, just like I had hit Marshall...nobody had to know. I got back in my car, rolled over the rest of him, and put on the emergency brake. I got out the purple sheet I had used at chapel last Sunday for the altar cloth, (God was gonna get me for this), and wrapped up the

TWISTED LOVE (CONTINUED)

body. Clumsily, I hobbled over to the trunk, popped it open, shoved him in, and slammed it shut. The drive home was very quiet; I didn't even think to myself. I parked in the garage, locked the car, went to my room, and collapsed on my bed.

Now I am writing in you, Diary. It is Sunday morning and the sun is shining bright, but I don't think I'll go to church today. God must be pretty mad about last night. I figure I'll stay in my room all day and tell mom I have homework to do. Tonight, well after dark, I'll say my final goodbyes to Marshall and hope he will somehow find his way to heaven. But who knows if prayers will work from someone who killed one of God's greatest creatures? Diary, I am so sorry. You don't think that I'm a bad person, do you?

TRAIN OF THOUGHT:

LOOKING AT EDITH HAMILTON'S "MYTHOLOGY"

Jean Monfort

Golden showers falling
Zeus stroking my hair,
sitting shimmering on my shoulders.
I pray the door will never open again.

To the Earth, heaving, groaning
Hades holding my hands,
pulling me down to the jeweled deep,
I don't think to look at the rolling green hills.

To the music, pulsing, throbbing
Dionysus kissing my face
twirling me wickedly around the flames
The shrieks of the Bacchanal are empty sounds.

To sunlight, golden, resting
Apollo singing to my soul
In the realm of truth and music
Where crippled Hephestos gives me a crown
And Hermes offers to take me flying.

SEVENTEEN

David Spencer

I'm twenty-six years old, and still have not settled
Each sunrise is a test of my will-power
My career and my life are one and the same
I look back on each passing hour

I'm thirty-eight years old, and my life is over
I've given the working part of my soul away
Now I have two kids, two jobs, two pets, two cars
But I'm still the same person today

I'm forty-nine years old, pushing fifty
I no longer dream of the future
I look back on whatever I can salvage
I faintly remember being useful

I'm sixty-six years old, and my grandkids are scared of me
I'm sure I don't look very huggable
When I was young, I used to look forward to this time in my life
I used to think I would write a novel

I'm eighty-one years old, surprised I made it this far
The past week seems to have taken a year
Earth's rotation has slowed down around me
The world has left me here

SEVENTEEN (CONTINUED)

I'm one hundred years old, a century of pride
New drugs have given me enough heartbeats to survive
I've grown numb to the feeling of purpose and deed
But I'm comfortable now, underneath the bed sheets

If life was a song, mine would go:
Intro, verse, chorus, bridge and then a twenty minute slow jam section
And the song would end with a fade out
I would want as many people as possible to hear my song
Maybe they would get it stuck in their heads by the next afternoon

I'm seventeen years old, and have recently begun the rest of my life

SYNDICATION

Amber Mathia

If I could live in reruns
I'd be able to memorize my lines
Lose nothing from memory
It would all remain reality
Where does that leave the future?

There's no one to write the end.

No room for exaggeration
Or elaboration.
The fabulous days never lose their luster,
But the painful times are still as sharp as ever.
It's all black and white,
While the rest of the world is splashed –
With color – change – new characters...

I've been passed by
And the ratings are crashing.

THE VEILED SOUL OF AN ECCENTRIC WRITER

Danielle Marshall

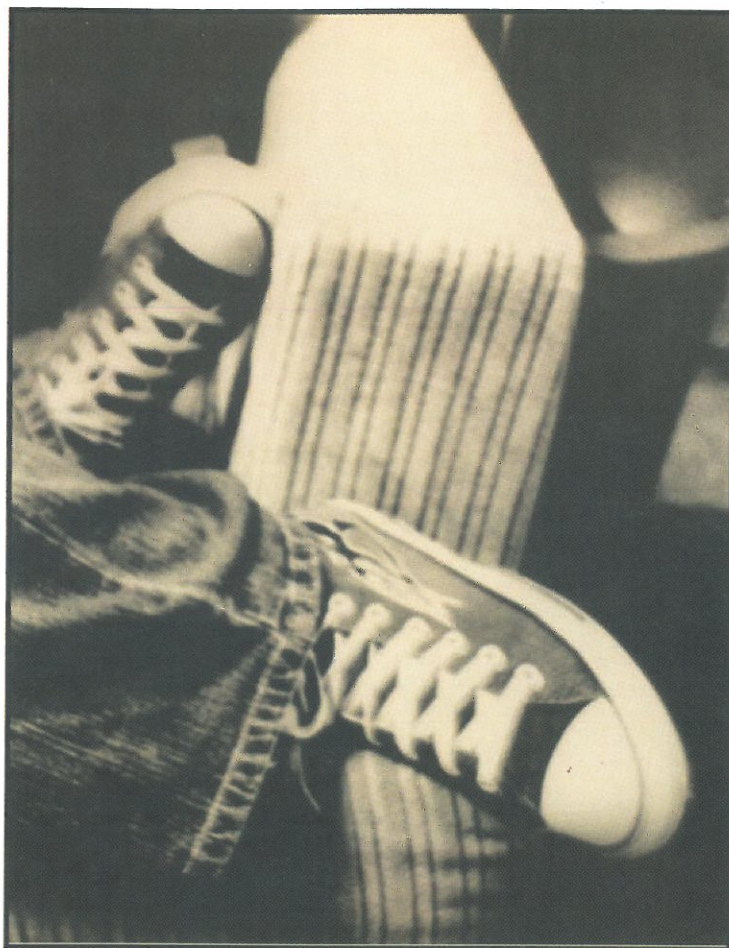
the
frozen
insides kept
beneath my shield/
the black abyss sleeps/
awaiting for a break
in my inner soul of hell/
waiting to slip out into the
world to release havoc out upon
my unsuspecting mortal body and
to bring my emptiness out into this hell
that we call life to show that I am not a friend/
the bitter rotting taste of the demons inside me
leaves me breathless as I sit in wait for the death that is
sure to take me soon but always eludes my unquenching thirst
for a final escape from the demon voices in my psyche/
the voices that torment me into submission leaving me
ragged and torn into pieces with a small shread of life
that allows me to continue my dead existence
of hopeless torture and misgivings that bring me
down to the level of my demons within
who strip away my veil that protects me
from the fallen angels of the world
and tear me apart with little
hope of redemption or love/
they pull apart my dreams/
take away my faith/
my treasured hope
of escape
from their
hell



Ted's Bridge #2

silver gelatin print

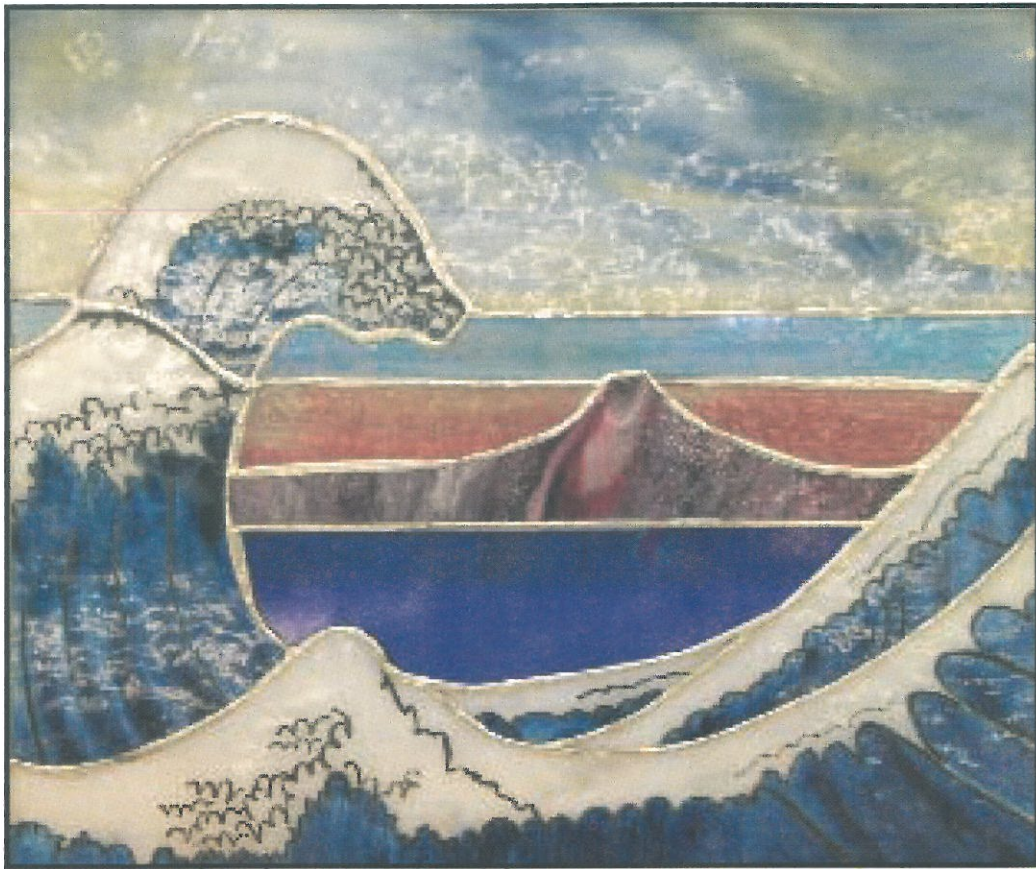
Shelly Klotzbach



Her Shoes

silver gelatin print

Marcy Kay Harris



Homage to Hokusai

stained glass

Marcy Kay Harris



Journals

marbling

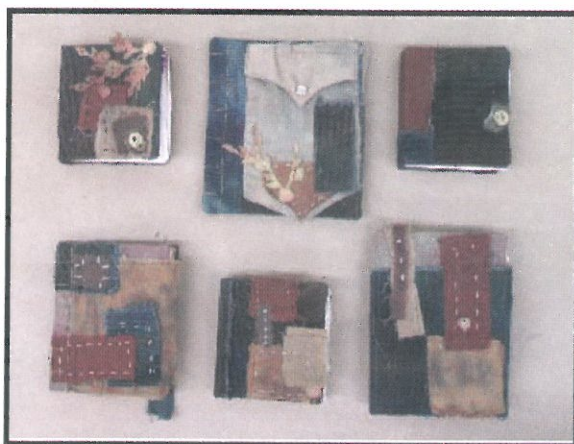
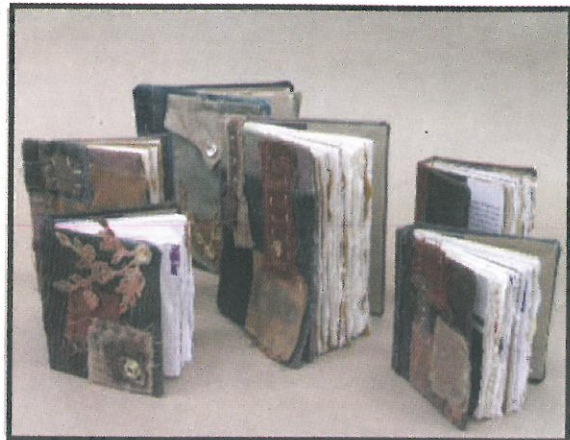
Jackie Inkrott



Hope

oil paint

Ashley Fetgatter



In Stitches

Handmade Book Series

tea and coffee dyed papers, found papers, and recycled clothing

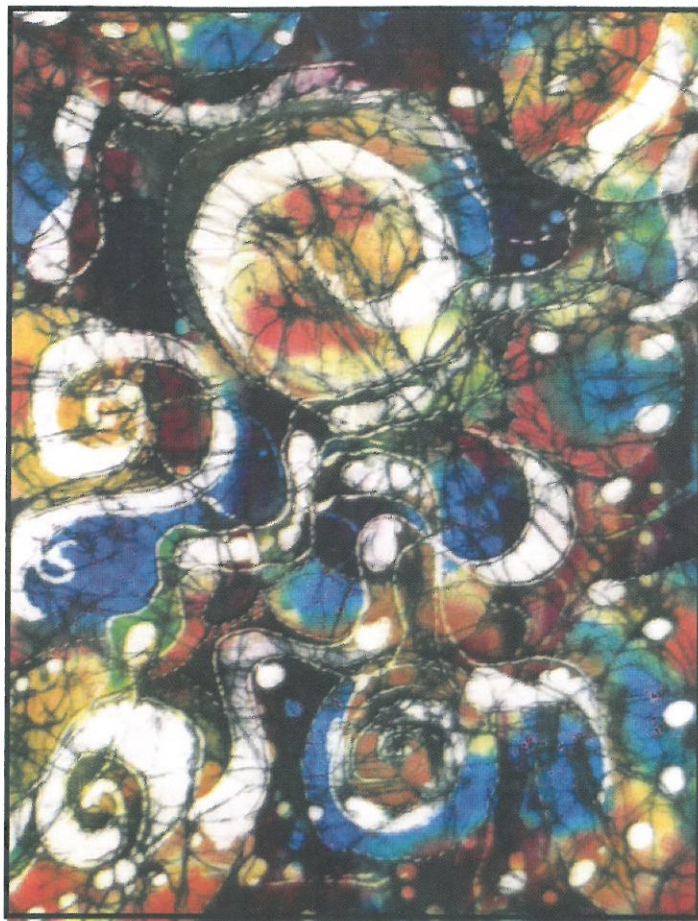
Shelly Klotzbach



What Do You See?

printmaking oils

Sarah E. Yurechko



Beautiful Disaster

batiked cotton, quilted

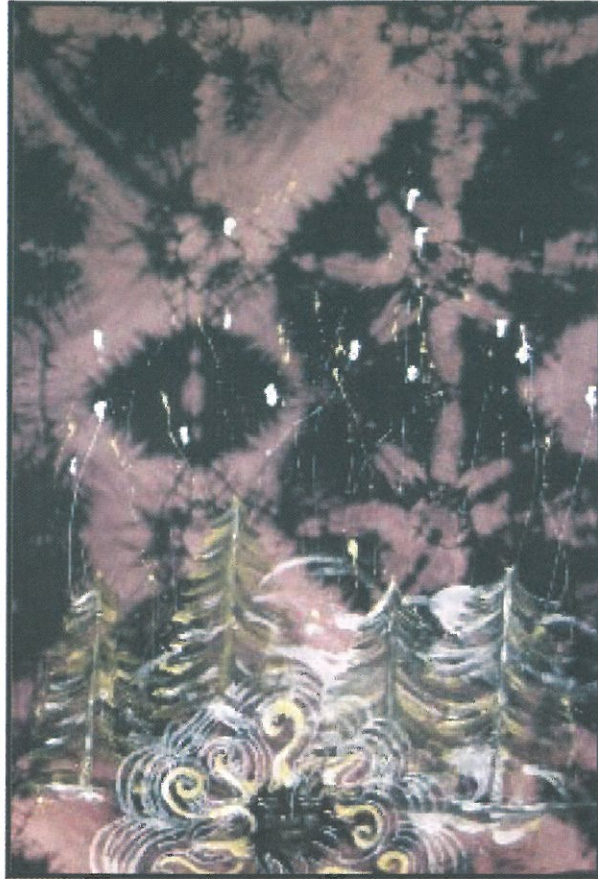
Stephanie L. Sonderman



African Inspired

batiked fabric, quilted

Lauren Moretti



Rising Silence

black flannel, bleach, beading, acrylic

Stephanie L. Sonderman



Heading South on West Street

silver gelatin print

Shelly Klotzbach



Ted's Bridge

silver gelatin print

Shelly Klotzbach



A Place I'd Like to Be
2005

digital photograph

Bonnie Zimmer

THE APPLE

Teresa Moreno

“Hey could you reach in my bag and hand me a pair of chopsticks?”

I had just met this man and I was already searching through his personal belongings.

“Where are they at?” I asked as I fumbled my way through beaten up notebooks and a pair of gym shoes.

“Oh, I don’t know,” he said as he analyzed a red apple in his hands, “Try the front pouch.”

I unzipped the front pouch and there they were, covered in a red sheet of paper. I pulled them out and placed them in his hands.

“Thanks,” he said as he continued to run his hands over the apple. Paisley, one of my flat mates, told me that Ryan was an artist. I stood there wondering what he was doing as he felt all the contours of the apple. Maybe he was staring at the apple trying to take in all its beauty. I really had no idea. All I knew was that he and his friend Emi were staying in our flat for the night.

Paisley was the kind of girl that made friends everywhere she went. She too was an artist and housed any artist that needed a roof for a night. Since she lived in a large flat with me and one other girl, her friends often ended up sleeping on our sofas.

“Eva, do you have any extra towels?” Emi asked, as she stood in the doorway holding a basket full of toiletries.

“I think so,” I said as I began looking through my flat mates’ belongings, hoping to find an extra clean towel.

Emi had seemed like a really interesting woman. She was a fashion designer and I had seen some of her work. The clothing she designed was right up my alley. I was dying to sit down with her so she could show me more of her work. “Here you go,” I said as I handed her a yellow towel.

Paisley took Emi to show her where our showers were, while I sat down on our big brown sofa next to Jo, my other flat mate. Across the room from us, Ryan stood leaning against the wall. As we sat there, Ryan began to carve a tiny hole into the side of his apple using his chopsticks. Even Jo, who was reading, stopped to look at Ryan as he jabbed the wooden chopstick into the apple. After he completed his hole, without a word, he walked into our kitchen and placed the

apple on our counter top and walked away. I turned to Jo, and tapping her on the shoulder, I whispered in her ear.

“What the hell was that all about?”

Bewildered, Jo responded, “I haven’t the slightest clue, Eva. I really don’t.”

Jo resumed reading her book, ignoring me and the fact that that we had an interesting person staying the night with us. This was just like her, and it frustrated me. Her head was always stuck in a book. She was the most studious of all of us, and she had gotten a full ride to our university because of it. I remember on her twenty-first birthday, Paisley and I tried to get her to go out to the local karaoke bar, but she refused, stating that she had her man Euclid to keep her company. I always enjoyed it when Paisley brought over friends. It was always the real test to see if Jo really had any social skills or not.

I looked at Ryan from across the room as he made himself comfortable on our futon. He sat with his legs stretched out far in front of him and his hands behind his head. He was wearing navy pants and a faded Eagles T-Shirt that had a small hole near his left hip. Looking over the rim of my glasses I noticed that he caught me staring at him. As our eyes met his lips curled up into a smile. I smiled back, and nervously tried to make conversation.

“I take it you either like Chinese food, or you like chopsticks a lot.”

“Yeah, it’s not bad. I always keep chopsticks with me because they’re the easiest eating utensil to carry around with you when you’re always on the road.”

“Oh, yeah, I could see how that could come in handy.”

My attempts at conversation were starting to flounder. I had no idea where Paisley ran off to and Jo had walked into the other room.

“So what do you study at the university?” Ryan asked, helping fill the awkward silence that had crept into the room.

“Librarian studies,” I replied as I got up from the couch.

“You’re learning how to become a librarian?” he asked, puzzled.

“I sure am. It’s really a lot cooler than it seems. Besides, it’s a decent paying job.” I

THE APPLE (CONTINUED)

always hated telling people I was studying to become a librarian. Everyone usually assumes I'm not serious. The look on Ryan's face made me believe he thought I was kidding and before he could say anything else, I decided to change the subject.

"Would you like a beer or something?"

"Sure, that'd be great."

We made our way into the kitchen. I opened the fridge and grabbed out two beers.

"So what is up with this?" I asked as I picked up the apple with a hole in it.

His beautiful green eyes twinkled at the mention of it.

"Do you have any open fields around here?"

I laughed at this. We lived in Indiana, of course we did.

"Great. I can show you later then, when we go for a walk. We just have to wait for Emi to get out of the shower."

"Alright," I said.

This apple was shrouded in mystery and I couldn't wait to see what he was thinking.

We stood, leaning on the golden colored kitchen counter making small talk waiting for Emi and Paisley to finish getting ready. To pass the time he told me stories about his nomadic life style and he heard all about how I ended up living with both Paisley and Jo. About an hour had passed and finally Emi and Paisley entered the kitchen.

"It's about time!" Ryan said in jest.

She looked a lot different from when I saw her last. She was wearing a long flowing black dress with a knitted pink sweater. Her hair and make up were done too.

"I've been stuck in a van with you without showering for two days!" Emi said in a playful tone. "I needed some girl time okay?"

Ryan grinned.

"I know. I'm just giving you a hard time."

Ryan picked up the apple and gave it a toss up into the air.

"Are you ready for that walk?" Emi gave Ryan a look and smiled.

Still not sure what I was getting myself into, I agreed. I called down the hall for Jo.

"Hey we're going for a walk, did you want to come?"

She responded with a yes and with that we were off.

We left our flat and walked down Maple Street. The field that I had in mind was some distance, but it was a beautiful night out.

"So what are we doing exactly?" Cecilia asked.

Ryan glanced over again at me with a smirk on his face.

"You'll see," he said, "you'll see."

We came upon the long gravel road that took us straight to the field I had in mind. It was completely dark outside and I could not see anything an arm's length away. When we were a decent enough length down the road, we decided to venture into the brush to the right of us. Jo clutched on to my arm and softly spoke into my ear.

"Eva, where are we going? Honestly for all we know he could be taking us out here to murder us."

"Stop being overly dramatic," I said as I rolled my eyes at her comment.

Ryan walked in front of us and found a nice little area behind some trees far away from the main road.

He motioned for us to follow him.

"Come on ladies, let's go," Paisley said as she grabbed our hands and made our way.

We all sat around in a big circle behind the trees and then finally, Ryan brought out the apple.

"Tell me what the story behind this apple is!" I exclaimed.

"Well" Ryan says as he gets out a lighter and a small clear bag, "I got a wee bit of pot here that I'd like to use. How would you ladies like to help me finish it off?"

"With an apple?" I said, confused.

Ryan laughed.

"Yes, with an apple. I made it into a pipe."

THE APPLE (CONTINUED)

"Oh." I said sheepishly. Paisley and Emi quickly said they were in, but Jo and I were a little hesitant. The truth of the matter was that I had always been kind of interested in trying it, but had never done it. The more I thought about it, I might as well. What did I have to lose?

Ryan stuck his hand out and said "I'm in."

Emi and Paisley put their arms in on top of his. They were in.

I slowly took my hand out and put it alongside Paisley's. "I'm in too."

Jo gave me a look of disapproval, but after realizing she was the odd man out, Jo quickly threw her hand in with ours.

"Oh, alright, fine. I'm in too," she said with a sneer. With our hands on top of each other, as if we were a basketball team in a huddle before a game, we counted to three and then broke our huddle. The festivities began.

Ryan smiled cunningly as he packed the pot into the top of the apple. Ryan went first to demonstrate to us the proper way to smoke pot through the apple. It seemed relatively simple. Just light the pot on the top and inhale through the hole he made on the side of the apple. Emi went next to demonstrate it again.

"Can I go next?" Paisley asked as she reached out for the apple.

"Sure," Emi said handing Paisley the apple. Paisley seemed like a pro at this. She looked just as natural as the other two. This made me slightly nervous. What if I couldn't do it right?

Ryan took the apple from Paisley's hand and handed it to me. "Ready to give it a go?"

"I think so, but I think I'm going to need some help. Walk me through it?"

Ryan rubbed the small of my back. "Sure thing."

I held the apple up to my lips. I could taste the apple's juiciness. He put the lighter to the top of the apple and lit it. "Suck in now," he said, and as I did, I could feel and taste it glide throughout my body.

"Wow, I can't believe I just did that."

Paisley, Ryan and Emi laughed.

"Just wait till you start to feel it," Emi said with a smile.

Jo's turn was fast approaching. "I have asthma," Jo said, trying to motion the apple away from her, "I don't know if this is a good idea."

"I have asthma too," Ryan replied as he pressed the apple against her lips. "You'll be fine."

Ryan lit the top of the apple and Jo's blue eyes widened as she inhaled.

"I didn't feel anything" she retorted.

"That's because you didn't inhale deep enough. Try it again and go deeper," Ryan advised.

She did and this time she got a hit.

"Holy shit!" she exclaimed.

We all just sat back and laughed. As the night progressed, we sat out on the grass passing the apple around until Ryan's wee bit of pot was in all our bodies.

Just as we were getting ready to leave, Emi noticed headlights in the distance.

"Hey guys I think a car is coming; we should probably lay low."

We quickly ran over to a more wooded area and lay down, hoping nobody would notice us. The headlights came closer and closer to us and as they did Jo began to clutch my arm in fear.

"Is it the cops? Oh holy shit! Eva! I can't lose my scholarship." She clutched onto me tightly, digging her nails into my arm.

"It'll be okay, you're nervous over nothing."

This was just like her to be high and still worried about her precious scholarship. The car came and went and didn't even notice us. We thought it would be best to leave before anyone else stopped to pay us a visit.

We all walked backed, stoned, hand in hand gleefully singing, "Oh I wish I were an Oscar Meyer wiener!" We continued down the road eating the apple, passing it down the line singing in rounds. Kicking the gravel beneath my feet, I looked up at the night sky, took in a deep breath, and resumed singing.



Last Days of Summer

silver gelatin print

Shelly Klotzbach

THE BITTERNESS OF A WOMAN

Amber Slagal

Curling in and out of the edges of my mouth,
Acid seeps through the underside of my tongue,
Disappearing occasionally in the good graces of my conscience.
How dare anger try to control me!

My thoughts boil in a dark, sooty cauldron,
Only for you.

Fleeting guilt makes way for a mumble.
A mumble turns to rumble.
A rumble erupts into roar
As if that roar were escaping a disfigured cocoon.

Rip my lips apart;
Rip my restraint apart.
Uneven streams of intelligent garbage flutter out,
Waving their deep-burgundy daggers.

Try not to take offense to the sarcasm drenched tidbits.
I only meant to vent
And hurt your feelings
(Just a little).

I've held a horrible, angry grudge,
Only for you.

TAKING OFF FITZWILLIAM DARCY'S CLOTHES

(A PARODY OF BILLY COLLINS'S "TAKING OF EMILY DICKENSON'S CLOTHES")

Jean Monfort

First, his hunter's coat made of wool
Easily slid off his shoulders and laid
On the seat of the piano fort .

And his top hat
Amusingly tall and tipped off with a slight hand flick.

Then the yellow silk vest, needing more attention
to the fine brass buttons down the front.
Yet easily unfastened with nimble fingers, and
mine are ready to let it follow the coat,
So I can start the next layer of fine fabric.

You will want to know
that he was standing
in a drawing room by a settee,
still, cold eyes warming,
taking in his rugged Pemberley lands,
his wool coat and silk vest resting
on the cushioned piano bench.

The British man of wealth and breeding
knew how to tie knots,
complicated matters indeed,
but I proceed like a priestess
through cufflinks, cravats, high knee boots and handkerchief linen

TAKING OFF FITZWILLIAM DARCY'S CLOTHES (CONTINUED)

A ritual to warm his icy demeanor
Working towards seeing him as a man.

Later, I would scribble hastily
How it was like heat molding an icicle
And I wish, but won't, tell you it all –
The way he let his lips relax,
How his hands removed the flowers from my hair,
how we spoke without structure
An informal language.

What I can tell you is
Only nature breathed in Darbyshire
That Tuesday twilight,
A slight prejudiced noise from the cicadas
And the proud stag, silent in the wilderness
So I could plainly see his sharp glance soften
When I removed the pocketwatch.
The last metal object from his body.

And I could see his hunger when I undid the last flap
The way some artists hunger when they realize
that color is texture
that pride is a net
that body is a candle
that dances yellow before your eyes.



Untitled 1
(Home Sweet Home Series)

silver gelatin print

Marcy Kay Harris



Untitled 2
(Home Sweet Home Series)

silver gelatin print

Marcy Kay Harris

THURSDAY NIGHT

David Spencer

Got another quarter for bus fare
 But I'm still a nickel short
 Ma told me it's the first day of winter
 But my jacket zipper just broke
 Dead trees, cold breeze
 It's such a quiet night
 Lonely sidewalk, covered in pink chalk
 And I'm just thinking about insecurities
 The girl in the blue hoodie looks flustered
 I'll bet she just got off of work
 She answers her cell phone and talks to a satellite
 It sounds like her boyfriend
 The bus lumbers up; the driver spares me the nickel
 I take my seat in back and find a newspaper on the floor
 Headline reads, "Indy soldier killed in Kuwait"
 Dying from a car bomb was his fate
 The president is sending more troops
 Says he's got it under control
 He claims that the enemy is thinning
 All these deaths must mean that we're winning
 A teenager in front of me is listening to his headphones
 He's tapping his foot on the floor of the bus
 He's writing in a notebook, giving out bad looks
 Reminds me of a kid I knew in high school
 Must be eleven o'clock; the diner just turned out its lights

THURSDAY NIGHT (CONTINUED)

Ma was expecting me home earlier, but I work late on Thursday nights
She'll probably be asleep now, with food still on the table
Her bible on her nightstand, it's her replacement for cable
The bus comes to my stop, I wish the driver a good night
Humble down the block under the yellow streetlight
Sure enough, Ma's in bed, casserole on the stove
The two of us in our homestead, living for what we know

NORMALITY

Melissa Alba

He saw the flashing lights in his rearview mirror, and for a brief moment, he considered his options: he could pull over and try to act about as normal as he could given the circumstances, or he could try to outrun the cop. Considering what had just happened and what was in his trunk, the latter looked rather inviting, but he thought better of it and pulled over to the side of the road.

He could still taste the blood – that worried him. After all, if he could still taste it, the cop might smell it. The cop then might get suspicious and ask to search the car. The cop might find in the trunk more than he bargained for – and what then?

But what about the smell?

Did it smell?

Did he smell?

Would the cop smell it?

After all, he was no expert on the matter of bodies and their smells, so he had no idea. All he knew was that he had a body in the trunk, a cop walking towards him, and he could still taste the blood that splattered when he pulled the trigger.

He could still see her face too, right as and after he pulled the trigger. It was etched in his permanent memory, replaying over and over in his mind like a football game's instant replay that won't stop...or can't stop. He could see the shock of being shot as the bullet entered her soft, creamy flesh, and then, the pain as it registered in her brain, and then that wretched blood – it went everywhere. So much blood from such a small wound. He had no idea how much she would bleed. And the cleanup was a bitch, too.

He had thought it would be easier – he didn't think that he'd have to watch her face contort in pain as she writhed on the floor screaming while her life slowly ebbed away into nothingness. He never imagined that he'd regret pulling the trigger just a split second after he pulled it. He never thought that he'd have to stare into her vacant, dead eyes as he put her body in the trunk of his car or that he'd have to clean up so much blood. And he most certainly didn't think

that he'd be so tortured by the memory of her face that he wouldn't be paying attention to his speed, only to have a cop clock him doing 30 over the speed limit and thus pull him over.

The cop walked towards the car – he could still taste her blood. He rolled down the window and looked up – he could still see her face drenched in blood. The cop asked why he was speeding – he could still hear her fucking screams for crying out loud!

He tried to act normal.

He smiled and said that he was running late for work, that he wasn't paying attention to his speed – that he was sorry, and that he'd pay attention next time. The cop looked him over suspiciously and asked where he worked. The local hospital – he worked the graveyard shift as a janitor.

The chitchat continued until the cop went back to his car to finish the ticket. Meanwhile all he could think of was how much blood there was and how he could still taste it. And the more time he spent with this cop around, the greater the chance of getting caught with her body in the trunk. It was all he could do to not drive off and try to outrun the cop right then and there, and it was all he could do to not have his hands shake quite as violently as he watched the cop fill out the ticket behind him in the rearview mirror.

Finally, the cop returned with the ticket and a warning for next time. The cop also mentioned that he noticed a drip under the car and that he might want to check his oil to see if he was leaking.

He tried to act normal.

He thanked the cop for pointing out the oil problem, promised to be careful, and with hands about to shake off their respective wrists, watched the cop return to his squad car and start up. So, he started his engine back up and drove towards the marina past the hospital, carefully watching his speed until he got there.

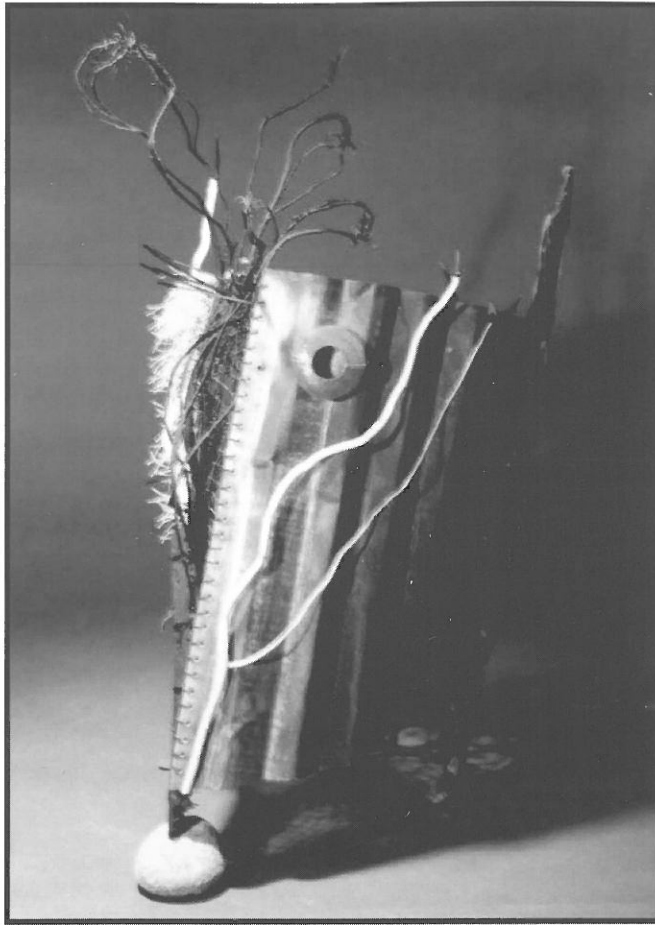
As he pulled her body out of the car to a boat, he noticed that the blood had leaked out into the trunk and was leaking through, dripping from the car to the pavement below like oil would.

There was no more acting normal - he lost control right there between an old car and a stolen boat. . . .

GHOST

Dani Klosowski

As the wind swirls around and the house moans,
I can feel his presence,
I can hear the creaks of his footsteps in the attic.
Late tonight I saw the doorknob slowly turn,
yet there is never anyone there.
He is the lost ghost who will never be found,
and even now I'm scared to go back to that house,
scared of him, scared of the house,
knowing he's still in there waiting,
waiting to rest at last,
but mostly waiting for me to return.



The Dance
2005

mixed media
(found objects, linen, plastic cable ties, feathers, stone)

Bonnie Zimmer

UNCLE JOE

Stacy Baker

A broken
man hanging high,
thinking un-
loved.

They called mom,
we cried and cried.
He hanged himself,
comitted suicide.

He wasn't unloved,
was always the favorite.
He had a disease,
called it bi-
polar.
Was in the hospital,
missed his father's funeral.

He loved music,
helped me get started.
Tried to help
me play drums.
Helped with piano
and played by ear.

UNCLE JOE (continued)

Inspired me
to try.
It seemed we were
best friends 'til the end.
He loved me,
and we all loved him.
Promise me this,
I'll see you again.

SUNDAY NIGHT'S SANCTUARY

Amanda Gibson

Cecilia closed her dorm room door behind her. She'd just finished her volunteer shift at the local hospital's oncology unit and she was exhausted. One of the little boys there, Patrick, was having trouble sleeping, so she'd read him three stories. Patrick reminded her of her little cousin, so she couldn't leave until she was sure he was asleep. One of Cecilia's co-workers had stayed with her, though, and brought her back to the dorm, since Cecilia didn't have her own car.

She tossed her jacket on the bed and crossed to her phone to check her voice mail. Glancing at the clock she was happy to see that there was enough time to get to the night mass on campus. She'd been worried that she wasn't going to be able to go this Sunday. She pulled the ponytail holder from her shoulder length dark brown hair and walked towards her closet, shaking her hair out. Tossing the ponytail holder next to her jacket she turned to the closet.

Ruffling through her clothes, Cecilia listened to her voice mail. One was from her mother, "just checking in," and Cecilia rolled her eyes and smiled. She and her mom were like best friends, so it didn't bother her that her mom called so often. She only wished she'd been here to get her phone call. It seemed that lately she'd been spending more and more time at the hospital, and when she came home to an empty dorm room late at night she realized how lonely she was. Most of her friends on campus were too focused on their own lives, and Cecilia made more time for the hospital than she did for them anyway. As she listened to her mom ramble on, she thought about calling her back and telling her about Patrick, but she knew her mom would pull out the "Everything happens for a reason" line that she saved for just such occasions. It wasn't that Cecilia didn't believe it, she just had a hard time remembering it when she'd spent the day at work.

As she deleted the message she looked up to the picture of her and her mother on the bulletin board behind her computer desk. It was her favorite picture of the two of them, taken on a perfect spring day outside the church Cecilia went to when she was home. She reached up and played with her cross necklace, a present from her father who had taken the picture, when the

second message started playing. Her hand paused at her throat, holding the charm still.

“Hey Ceace,” the voice said. “It’s Andrew. Just calling to see what you were up to. I was hoping we could hang out tonight, so I’ll try you again a little later.”

Cecilia hung up the phone and stopped fidgeting with the necklace. She dropped onto the edge of her bed, wondering why Andrew had called her. He was a boy she had met her freshman year and he was nice enough, although he had a reputation for being a player. They had just enough friends in common to see each other occasionally, but he never called just to see if she wanted to get together. It made her wonder what he was up to.

Cecilia laughed, thinking about the fact that he’d called her “Ceace”. She didn’t let anyone else get away with that, but she’d always felt an attraction to him, in a purely physical way.

Maybe it was because he was the “bad boy” and she’d never really done anything bad in her life. Or maybe it was because he was a musician, which had always intrigued her. Either way, he was the kind of boy that made her think with her hormones instead of her brain. She looked at the clock again and wondered if she should go ahead to mass, or wait to see if he actually did call her back. She didn’t ever skip mass, unless she worked late at the hospital. There was over an hour until the service started, so she could give him at least that long. As she was weighing the decision, the phone rang.

“Hello?” she said.

“Ceace, good, you’re there this time,” the voice was distinctly male and clearly Andrew.

“Hey Andrew. What’s up?”

“Nothing really. Just wanted to see what you were up to tonight.”

Her mind told her to tell Andrew she was going to mass, and that would be the end of it. Instead she said, “Oh, not much. Just got back from my shift at the hospital. I was thinking about going to bed, but I’m not really tired.”

“Hmm...” was the reply.

SUNDAY NIGHT'S SANCTUARY (CONTINUED)

Cecilia laughed, "Hmm what?"

"You should come over. I'm at my parents' lake house."

"Are you having a party or something?" she asked.

"No, I'm just here watching some movies and wishing I had some company. What do you say?" he coaxed her.

"You forget I don't have a car," Cecilia said, almost relieved to have that excuse.

"I'm only about twenty minutes away. I'll come pick you up. You can stay here tonight and I'll take you back to campus in the morning."

"That sounds like fun, but I have voice lessons really early tomorrow," Cecilia said.

"No problem, I can get you back in time."

There was a pause as Cecilia tried to think of any other reasonable excuse to not go. Suddenly she realized that she didn't want one.

"Okay," she said, willing her conscience to shut up. "Come get me."

"Good! I'll be there in about half an hour. I'll pick you up outside your dorm," Andrew said.

They hung up and Cecilia sat there for a second wondering what she had gotten herself into. She told herself that she was probably not giving Andrew enough credit. It was just an invitation to watch a movie, nothing else had to happen. Then, realizing that she still smelled like hospital, Cecilia ran to the shower, wondering why she was going to this trouble if she really thought they were just going to watch a movie.

A half an hour later Andrew was standing beside his blue truck, waiting for her. He'd been looking at the ground, kicking a rock with his shoe, but he looked up as she approached, shaking his head to get the dark curls of hair off his face. His eyes were piercing green and stayed locked on hers as she walked towards him. Without saying anything he opened the door for her, smiled when she thanked him, and shut it after she got in. Then he jogged to the other

side of the truck, jumped in the driver's side, and they drove off.

When they got to his parents' lake house, Andrew unlocked the door that led into the kitchen and pushed it open for her. Then he followed her in, shut the door, and locked it behind them.

Cecilia stood awkwardly by the kitchen table as Andrew slipped off his shoes, walked into the next room and sat in an armchair. She looked around at the sailing board and blue curtains in the kitchen window, thinking that his mother had good taste. It was fitting for a lake house.

"You know, you can come in here and get comfortable," Andrew teased her from the other room. "You really don't have to stand in the kitchen all night."

Cecilia smiled to herself, slid her own shoes off and walked into the living room. She plopped down on the footstool that sat in front of Andrew's chair and looked at him.

"So," she said, thinking that if she made conversation she wouldn't feel so nervous or awkward. The discussion in the car had been limited, and they'd listened to music most of the way, so Cecilia hadn't had a chance to initiate real conversation. "What have you been up to lately?"

"Well, nothing really," he replied. He leaned forward in his chair. "Trying to find a job since I quit taking classes this semester. What about you?"

Well, you know. Working at the hospital," Cecilia started, getting distracted as Andrew pushed a lock of hair back from her forehead, his fingertips grazing her face. "Umm, the usual I guess," she concluded a second later.

Andrew looked at her for a second, then put his hand on the back of her head and pulled her to him. He kissed her slowly, then sat back for a second to gaze at her again. He pulled her back in, kissing her with more urgency this time, both his hands framing her face. Standing up, he offered her a hand, pulled her up from the stool, and led her back through the kitchen, down

SUNDAY NIGHT'S SANCTUARY (CONTINUED)

the hallway, and to the back bedroom.

Andrew didn't turn the light on, instead he flipped on the television, illuminating the lighthouse decorations that were around the room. They sat side by side on the edge of the bed, and Andrew kissed her again, lowering her backwards until they were laying down. He stopped for a second so they could catch their breath, and Cecilia sat back up, saying, "I have to use the restroom. I'll be right back."

Walking down the hallway she cursed herself in her head. She turned right into the bathroom, shut the door behind her, and leaned on it, closing her eyes. Then she walked to the mirror over the sink and looked at the girl staring back at her.

"What the HELL are you doing?" she asked her reflection out loud. "You knew this was going to happen as soon as you heard his voice. What are you thinking?"

Her reflection gave her no answer. She just stood there for a moment, collecting her thoughts. Maybe it would be okay for just once in her life to do something without thinking it through all the way. After all, she was in college. She was just so tired of questioning everything. With that thought, she opened the door, and walked back down the hall.

When she went back into the bedroom Andrew's jeans were by the side of the bed, and he was under the covers flipping through channels. Cecilia went to the other side of the bed, turned down the covers, and climbed in.

Cecilia stared at the ceiling for a minute, then, pushing every thought out of her head, she turned over to Andrew, took the remote from his hand, and kissed him.

It wasn't about love, she thought, as he pulled her on top of him. Maybe it should have been, but he wasn't the kind of boy you fell in love with. She sighed softly as he rolled her over and began kissing her neck, his hands running along her body. As he reached down to unbutton her pants Cecilia looked at the clock and thought to herself, "They're halfway through mass on campus right now." It was a ridiculous thought to have at that moment, so she pushed it aside

and focused on Andrew again. He was panting slightly, his full weight pressing down on top of her. He stopped for a moment to look into her eyes as she put a hand to his chest, pushed him back a little, and asked him, "Are you sure about this?"

"Yeah," he answered, looking down at her.

Cecilia turned her head to the side, breathing heavily, a combination of nerves and excitement. There was an infomercial on the television. Some woman was talking about getting a college degree online. Cecilia closed her eyes and took a deep breath, trying to stop her mind from racing just long enough to decide what she wanted to do.

"Cease?" Andrew asked. "Do you want to stop? It's your call."

She stared up at him for a second, then whispered, "No, it's okay," and she pulled him to her, kissing him until she forgot all of her reservations.

Later, when it was over, Andrew moved off her and pulled her to his side. She curled up next to him, and he kissed her forehead, and played with the ends of her hair until he fell asleep. Cecilia stayed awake for a while, unable to make her eyes close. Her hand went again to her cross necklace as she thought about what she'd just done. Finally she slipped into a dreamless sleep and didn't wake up until Andrew's alarm went off the next morning.

"Morning sunshine," Andrew said jokingly, as she turned towards him. "Did you sleep okay?"

"Yeah," she replied, thinking how cliché that question was. Still she asked him, "Did you?"

"Like a rock," he told her, climbing out of bed. Cecilia intentionally turned her head away, blushing a little, as he pulled on his boxers and jeans and walked out of the room.

Cecilia waited until she heard the bathroom door close before she got up to put on her own clothes. She smoothed her hair, looking in the mirror of the dressing table that sat in the room. Then she picked up the remote to turn off the television they'd left on all night.

SUNDAY NIGHT'S SANCTUARY (CONTINUED)

Andrew came back into the room, fastening his watch around his wrist. "All right, let's get you back for those voice lessons."

When he dropped her off in front of her dorm, Andrew simply smiled at her, his same friendly smile, and said, "I'll talk to you later."

"Yeah," Cecilia answered. "Later."

She watched his truck drive away, then looked over at the chapel that stood on the campus grounds. She walked across the grass towards it, and up the stairs outside the door. Opening it, she slipped into the stillness of the sanctuary.

She dipped her finger into the holy water at the side of the entryway, crossing herself as she walked up the darkened aisle. She sat alone in the third pew, staring at the altar in front of her. She knew she should feel guilty about what had happened, especially about the fact that she'd skipped mass, but she didn't. It was ironic really, that so many people had gone to mass the night before to feel better about themselves and to pretend they were better Christians than they actually were, while she had skipped because she played that role all week and she was tired of pretending. She wondered who was better off. Then, glancing once again at the cross on the wall, she walked quietly out of the church.

POWER

Tirza Van Horn

My fate lies here, on this battlefield of silk
I pull the covers over him, basking in his aura
He's stolen my heart, still pumping unknowingly
One lover, two lovers, we fill each other
Gasping for breath is customary
Cruel, mean, outright obscene are we
Only the strong survive here
The faint smell of leather fills the air
My wrists content in their constraints
One must reign supreme in the end
Satisfaction is a constant demand
Coming to a close is the evening
A choice must be made, a sacrifice
I bow down and take the fall, smiling
Encaged in his arms, victim of his charms

AN ATTEMPT TO SEE CLEARLY

David Spencer

Did you notice the moon last night?
Its brilliance caught my eye
One of those moments in your life
Where everything stops around you
And your perspective becomes an oil painting
I saw it through the trees, hanging in the sky
Did you see it?
Do you ever look around?
I went for a short walk and something strange happened
My cat had been following me and now was rubbing her fur against my leg
She must've seen it too
The moon
Winter is approaching, and I know it's going to seduce me slowly
With it's silence and it's beauty
Something about breathing in the frigid air through my nostrils
And seeing my soul in front of me as I exhale
It defines my life
Is that what you see?
Do you see clarity?
Or do you see misery?
What defines your life?
Candy or cavities?
Not enough gravy or too many calories?
Being independent or being outcast?
When you go to bed at night, do you worry or do you wonder?

AN ATTEMPT TO SEE CLEARLY (CONTINUED)

Are you proud or arrogant?

Hopeless or modest?

Hideous or interesting?

Too short or just right?

Too fat or a healthy appetite?

Are you aware of others' feelings or do they not exist?

Is it a challenge or is it fearful?

Who are you?

What is it like living your life?

Do you love your life?

Who's responsible for you?

What do you think about in the moments before you fall asleep?

Do you feel like a child or a toddler?

Have you ever cried out of happiness that is so pure and unforgiving

That you can't help but weep?

Does anybody challenge you?

And do you challenge yourself?

Have you ever let anyone see your soul?

And most importantly,

Did you notice the moon last night?

YOUR LIFE TWO YEARS AGO

Becky Scherer

It's so hard to get started sometimes. Just when you think you're there – when you're feeling good about your life and the choices you've made – he makes his way back into your view and everything is lost. Everything you worked so hard to achieve... it's like it never existed and you're standing in the same spot you were in two years ago. Only your haircut is different.

It will never be as comfortable as it was with him. No matter how hard you try, no matter how much you commend yourself for making it work as best you can – it will never be the same. You'll never have the feeling of ease that came so quickly with him, never have the idea that he knows exactly what you want to say without saying anything at all.

The new one is smart. Very smart. And funny, and polite, and kind. He is a pleasure to look at and speak to because he is clearly pleased to be looking at you and speaking to you. He stares at you when you talk; he remembers the details you tell him of your life. He holds your hand under the table at dinner.

Then you get a phone call or an e-mail or a lingering look as you pass the other one in the hall. Immediately it is two years ago again, and you are thrown back into the indecision and longing. You cancel your dinner plans and drown in the hatbox under your bed, the one that holds everything that represented your happiness for so long. You read letters, touch pictures, hold matchbooks... all while the new one waits for you next door. He knows something is wrong, but you don't say the words. He's good for you. You cannot allow yourself to be convinced otherwise.

It's so hard, though, not to get lost inside that flowery box. It even smells like your life two years ago, like everything good and worthwhile that you've ever known. You close your eyes and remember his old cologne, wishing for your long hair of two years ago.

BREAKING GLASS

Teresa Moreno

Sofia sat next to Eddie on the piano warming up. Up the B scale, down a minor third, Eddie's fingers flew over the keys while Sofia's voice skipped through each note with ease. "Are you ready to run through a few of these?" Eddie asked while pointing to a stack of music to his right.

"Sure thing," Sofia replied sweetly, "Just let me go get a glass of water from one of the servers."

Sofia and Edward had been preparing for this event for about two months now. It was by far one of their biggest performances. Usually they only had to play for small weddings or little festivals, but a concert where they were the main form of entertainment; they had never done that before. They were both nervous, very nervous.

"I got you a glass of water too. I thought you might get thirsty from all that strenuous piano playing you do," she said with a smile.

"Thanks," he replied. "I see the help around here even gets fancy glasses too," he said with a grin motioning to the tall goblet that held his water. Sofia laughed.

"We sure do!" Sofia said with excitement. "Eddie, I don't know if we've ever played anywhere that was quite this nice before. I'm really nervous."

"I know. I am too, but we'll do just fine. Want to start off rehearsal with something easy or hard?"

"Surprise me."

Eddie's hands positioned themselves in the proper starting place. Taking in a few short breaths his fingers flew over all the right keys. He started off with one of Sofia's favorite songs. Sofia's mouth opened and curved a perfect O shape. Taking a deep breath, she sang an A that rang through the hall they were practicing in. Sofia tackled the notes with ease. Each note gracefully fell out of her mouth like snow from the sky. Eddie and Sofia practiced their songs and by the sounds they were both creating, it looked as though they were on top of their game.

BREAKING GLASS (CONTINUED)

And they were, until they reached a song both of them despised. Sofia was convinced that song would be the death of her. Singing in French was not exactly her forte, nor was they key of F sharp. As luck would have it, the song just happened to be a special request by her employer. Eddie began to softly play the intro while Sofia prepared to sing. Sofia opened her mouth, but in her nervousness, nothing came out, just air. Eddie played the intro again, hoping she would chime in. Again, Sofia opened her mouth, but only air came out. Her palms were sweating, she was shaking.

“Stop! Stop! I can’t do this anymore! I hate this song. This isn’t working.”

Sofia plopped down next to Eddie on the piano bench. Her big brown eyes widened even more and looked at Eddie for some solace.

“I know, it’s hard, but you sound wonderful.” Sofia gave Eddie a look of disbelief. “Really you’re fine.”

Eddie had worked with Sofia enough by now to realize that if she started in on this “I sound awful routine,” that she eventually indeed would sound awful. Taking a big gulp of the water Sofia had brought to her, he decided to change the subject. Getting Sofia’s mind off of the song was the only thing that could help her now. Staring at the glass he got a great idea. “I bet you can shatter this glass, if you tried.”

“That’s just silly,” Sofia replied. “No one can do that.”

“It is possible!” Eddie said with a smile. “I saw it on Mythbusters.”

“Honestly Eddie! You can’t believe everything you see on Television.”

“Won’t you just play along for a bit? Please? I mean it wouldn’t kill you to appease me every once and awhile.”

“Oh, fine.” Sofia said reluctantly. “But only to prove you wrong,” she said as her shiny eyes gave a wink.

“I’ll be the one proving you wrong,” he said with a laugh. “Come on, hurry and finish that glass of water.”

Clutching on to the side of the piano, Sofia drank the remaining water in her glass as if it were a shot of her favorite rum. Waving to the empty glass in her right hand, she motioned at Eddie for her instructions.

“All right, now what?”

“Okay, let’s see if I remember this right. According to the Mythbuster guy on TV...”
Eddie paused trying to gather his thoughts. “Okay this is kind of long so bear with me here.”

Sofia nodded. She knew how long winded he could be.

“Objects such as this glass here have different frequencies because of their shape. Also, depending on what they are made of, objects can still have different resonant frequencies. Just like you and your voice.”

“Oh good, this glass and I have something in common,” Sofia scoffed as she picked up the glass.

“Shh, I’m not done yet! Let me show off for a moment all right?”

“Oh, all right.” Sofia said with a smirk.

“Okay, as I was saying, since there are different types of glasses made of different materials, there are some wine glasses that you can rub or tap and they will play a really loud note. Also there are other types of glasses that you can tap on that won’t produce much of an audible note. They have the same frequencies, but they’re really muffled so you can’t always hear it. Because it has these frequencies you can play it and it’ll resonate. Much like the way you sing.”

“So then, are you saying the frequencies produce movement, which produces the sound?”
Sofia was trying hard to follow Eddie. It had been awhile since she had taken a science course.

“Exactly! It’s called reciprocity. Since both you and the glass can make sound we can make it break.”

“I’m sorry but I fail to see how this will work. How do you propose we do this?”

Eddie laughed.

BREAKING GLASS (CONTINUED)

"You remember all that talk about you having perfect pitch? Well, now's a great opportunity to put it to use."

With a very long face and a nervous tone, Sofia replied, "What do you mean?"

Eddie grabbed the glass and tapped it. "Hear that? If you can sing the note that the glass just made loud enough it will make the glass move and sooner or later it has to give and fall to tiny pieces on the floor."

"That seems easy enough. I mean, I get what you're saying, but I'm still doubtful."

"Well it's difficult because you have to be right on the money. One tiny little hertz off and you can't make the glass break."

"Oh, I see," Sofia replied.

"Want to give it a shot? Let's at least try."

"Well, okay, after you've taken so long to explain everything to me, I might as well try."

Sofia took in a deep breath and examined the glass in her hands. Her mind was finally completely off the subject of the troublesome song, and now her efforts were now on the glass in her hands. Eddie knew he was succeeding. Looking at her reflection in the glass she put on her game face. Her painted red lips were pursed and ready to attack with a killer note. Eddie clicked against the glass and Sofia opened up her mouth to let out a matching note. Singing with force she tried to will the glass to break. She sang loud and hard, staring at the glass. Holding out the note for awhile she looked at it and kept singing. The glass began to move and shake in her fingers. She could feel the pressure building up. She felt like she was this great big force that was going to shatter the world. Still singing with all her might, she began to run out of breath and the glass stopped vibrating and then was motionless in her hands. Sofia felt defeated, defeated by a tiny piece of glass.

"Ugh. The stupid little booger didn't shatter. We're trying this again!" she demanded.

"Sure thing," Eddie replied as he prepped to hit the glass again. Ding! The glass let out a

note that rang and Sofia once again tried to mimic it and once again, she failed.

“I thought you said you had perfect pitch,” Eddie said in jest.

“I do.” Sofia retorted. “Just you watch.”

She grabbed the glass out of Eddie’s hand. Ding! This time she sang the note with fervor, making sure she matched up perfectly, and then suddenly she felt it. The power she was creating was stronger than before. Gathering all the strength she had left in her, she belted out as strong as she could. The glass began to vibrate to an insane degree. Eddie just watched in wonderment. Sofia was focused; the glass was as unsteady as a boat in the middle of a storm. Sofia’s face grew red and then suddenly the vibration stopped and the glass in her hands broke into little pieces, merciless at her feet.

“Did you see that?” she exclaimed. “I did it!” Jumping up and down she hugged Eddie.

“You did!” Eddie said while returning the embrace. “Maybe we should get someone in here to pick this up?” Laughing, Sofia agreed. “Ready to tackle that French now?”

Totally relaxed and calm Sofia agreed. She could break glass, so why on earth could she not sing this song beautifully? She felt like a goddess and this song was the glass. She would bend it and manipulate it. She could have her way with it. If not, the song would be broken in the process. She was an invincible soprano, she could break glass.

THE LOVELESS PRINCESS

David Spencer

Clouds of innocence paint the room
And her juvenile dreams lie on the floor
Growing, full of expression and mirth
The lonely princess waits

As vanity knocks on her door
She lets him in, he begs for more
With gloom smeared across her face
The shattered princess waits

As paisley flowers wilt and die
A jubilee will stain the sky
The party starts, her tiara's on
The tragic princess waits

Her kingdom's small, but rich with lust
Her smile fades and creaks with rust
She leaves behind her home and youth
The loveless princess escapes

"You know my name but not my soul
I tried my luck, I pushed, I pulled
You never once gave into fear
You cared, you cared, you cared!

THE LOVELESS PRINCESS (CONTINUED)

And am I to blame, am I a ghost?
Invisible, but in your life
I always thought I'd live this way
Like a stoner searching for pleasure

Just break me, hurt me, take me, and jerk me
Give me a reason to give up"

She's cherubic and disappointed
Stiff but double jointed
The imagination that she never had
Kept her confined to a paper bag
Her garden green, her innocence blue
Her mood is as dark as her hue
She shows no scorn, she knows no hate
The loveless princess just waits

No Evil

Tirza Van Horn

Do not listen to swing; it's the music of the blacks and Jews
As the rebellious "Swing Kids" of Nazi Germany dance on
Do not film him below the waist; his movements are obscene
As American girls swoon over the King of Rock n' Roll
Do not question authority; their actions are justified by law
As youths gather in protest to an innocent man's brutal beating
I say to you, do not plug your ears from unsanctioned melodies
In fear of you dancing to your own beat of the drum
I say to you, do not shield your eyes from the unknown
In fear that you may see differently than the masses
I say to you, do not cower in fear in front of those more powerful
In fear that you too may be left vulnerable to their injustices
Listen, watch, and raise your voice; this is America and you have a choice.

—To all those who have ever felt persecuted, you are not alone.

MORBID CURIOSITY'S CHILD

Danielle Marshall

Death's always had it in for me
Never left my troubled mind
Waiting for that moment to set me free
I never thought Death would be so kind

Heartbroken and unloved
Morbid curiosity's child
The fires below and the skies above
Death was only looking for a friend

I can't seem to find my way
Lost in the middle of the battlefield
Life fighting against come what may
Death was only waiting in Elysian's Field

Heartbroken and unloved
Morbid curiosity's child
The fires below and the skies above
Death was only looking for a friend

Dark and lonely without any hope
You never said it would end like this
But I suppose this is how I must cope
Reliving broken memories until the end of Bliss

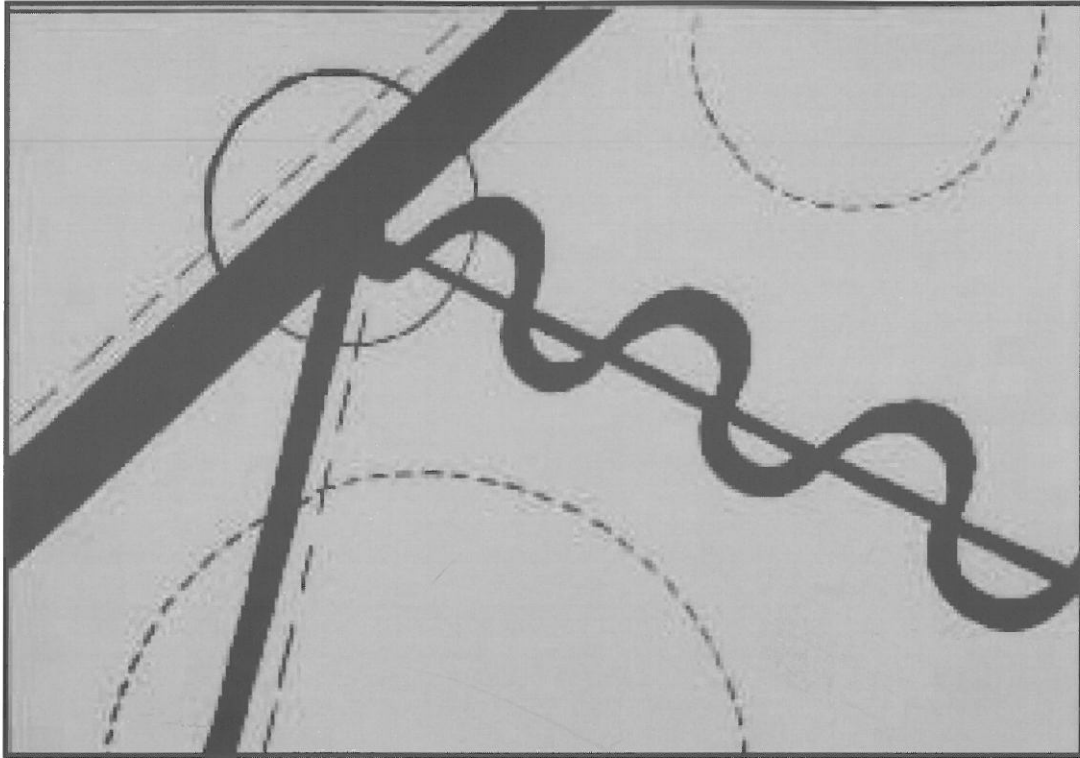
MORBID CURIOSITY'S CHILD (CONTINUED)

Heartbroken and unloved

Morbid curiosity's child

The fires below and the skies above

Death was only looking for a friend



One Day at a Time

recycled clothing

Shelly Klotzbach

PRAY FOR AN NEVER-ENDING R.E.M.

Melissa Alba

i had that dream again
the one that made me want to sleep all day
the one where i wake up crying

it's an exact replica of what i once knew
down to the way he smelled like laundry
and how the laughter of best friends is the loudest

it was the storybook that few live
the kind that makes you regret each blink
the kind everyone wants to read

we broke rules, not hearts
we held hands, not grudges
every moment outdid the last

i pinched myself to assure life's reality
and i discovered it to be perfectly real
but when i pinched tonight

i woke up.

